

FAIR PLAY

and

Other Poems



H. E. BARNETT

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By
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P R E F A C E

No one is obliged to be an author. If, however, one conceives that he has written something which he thinks will edify the public, and that they will appreciate what he has so written, and he publishes it, he must abide the judgment they place upon it for having thrust himself upon them. If the judgment be in his favor for any merit displayed in his writings, he will deserve well of them for his effort to enlighten their opinion. On the other hand, if the judgment of the public be against him for his pretentiousness, then he will profit by their criticism of his demerits and spur him on to greater effort and nobler endeavor in the future.

It is with this motive in mind that these effusions are given to the public; not wholly however with the desire to gain for himself public opinion, but because of the wish of some acquaintances who have already read the poems published in the press, and who desire to have them in a more enduring form, that they are put forth in the present dress—upon the public.

With this understanding these fledglings, the fruit of his leisure moments, are given as a testimony to his regards for and a wish to see the advancement and betterment of his race.

—THE AUTHOR.

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INDEX.

	Page
Fair Play	5
Psalm Negrology	11
The Soldier's Burial.....	12
Monody of Bishop Turner.....	14
What Our Solons Do.....	15
Lincoln—An Address.....	16
Soldiers Embarking.....	18
The American Flag.....	19
World Peace.....	20
Monody of a Suicide.....	21
The Likeness.....	22
The Panama Canal Hymn.....	23
To Our Dog, Trilby.....	24
Louis Napoleon's Prayer.....	25
Monody of a Postage Stamp.....	27
Psalm I.....	28
Thou Art the Way.....	29
They Think of Me.....	30

FAIR PLAY.

My countrymen: What have we done
To cause your ire, and stir your rage;
To make your deeds and customs run
Aback the age?

Should vilest hate your bosom feel,
And barb'rous actions selves control?
And tears, as 'twere with hooks of steel,
Our wounded soul?

Not foes are we. Our native land
We love—her laws—in weal or woe;
Nor eager to possess in hand,
A bomb to throw.

Our hands are black—God made them so
To use, to build our country wide;
Not “Black Hands” we, who ever go
To tear aside.

Do pride and hate, and lust of pow'r,
Degrade and make our “friends” forget
God reigns, and keeps each little flow'r
And tends it yet?

Will you deny to us the smile
That lifts the heart from troubles free,
And crush the mind and then revile
Deformity?

How can one rise whose forms of thought,
But in one groove suppressed are kept;
And mental growth and vigor sought
To kill—unwept?

Are you our friends of tender heart,
Who can afflict, in wantonness,
The weak; and scorn in every part
Their tenderness?

Not helots we. The race is free;
By blood we shed on Gorton's Height,
At Red Bank too, as free men we
Espoused the right.

We may be poor, and much in want,
 And bring contempt on learning—pride;
 But heavenly powers wisdom grant
 In what is tried.

We cannot do unless we try,
 Though failure in some efforts loom;
 And you who would us help deny,
 Begrudge us room.

Show us the man whose knowledge came
 With little effort on his part;
 Who was not helped to greatness, fame;
 In letters, art.

We must be helped like other men;
 Like other men, a record make,
 As sturdy men, be manly when
 A step we take.

Experience comes to those who strive
 And study in the schools and learn;
 We cannot know, if you deprive
 Such means to earn.

Of yore when John C. Calhoun led,
 And gave the States his learning best,
 He was as wrong in much he said
 As e'er was guessed.

He too forgot in his career,
 Three fifths a man in height we stood,
 And though we were not then his peer,
 The law stood good.

“When Negroes,” said he, “Greek can read,
 “And lisp the songs of Homer’s pen,
 “I shall be willing to concede
 That they are men.”

We now are “men,” for Greek we read—
 Th’ enclitic tee as Negro men;
 And could he know how we succeed,
 He’d yield again.

Some there are who see no good we do
 In all the things that are e'en right;
 And damning all we do pursue
 They take delight.

They make our faults, however small,
 To vast proportion vice contain;
 And minimize the best in all
 We do attain.

Could you but feel, as feel we do,
 The piercing wounds your hate does give,
 You then would know as men and true
 What life we live.

Let Anglo-Saxon's "Juster" laws
 Than passion rule to take men's life;
 Nor blame, then violate, and cause
 Reproach and strife.

"What to the wind you sow in rage,
 The whirlwind you will surely reap;
 And who in hate his life engage,
 Will deeply weep.

Our wiser brothers' crimes we try,
 And feel content in what we do;
 And think if wise men laws belie,
 No laws are true.

Let saner actions rule the will
 Of those who govern weaker men;
 And if aggrieved, sane reason still
 Should govern then.

Our country won from Britian's braves
 Its freedom o'er injustice laid;
 And did protest 'we' were not slaves
 In all 'we' said.

What laws of logic would deny
 The equal justice now we claim?
 Do selfish men their laws defy
 Nor blush for shame?

You now by law contrive to shield,
 Yourselves from what you call disgrace;
 And, yet, seduce and force to yield,
 The weaker race.

You have no thought for "little things"
 That make the sum of all our joy;
 And just where hope shows life and springs,
 You hope destroy.

No more can prate of purity,
 The Anglo-Saxon noble race;
 From them there's no security
 In any place.

You "Anglo Saxonize" the breed
 And caste of ev'ry alien race;
 For in the offspring of your lust
 Your blood we trace.

Sirs, treat us like men—men, though black;
 Assure no more than who are men;
 Urge no demands because we lack
 The "color" then.

No more we seek than you can give;
 No more than you yourselves do have.
 Secure us justice that we live
 As men—not slave.

As men we rally to the call
 Our country makes in her defense
 Against the Huns' and Teutons' ball
 Without suspense.

Not slackers we. Our loyalty
 To our country has been e'er true;
 No tempting gold of royalty
 Do we pursue.

For others' freedom have we fought;
 For others' rights our lives have lost;
 Our blood true liberty has bought
 At fearful cost.

PSALM NEGROLOGY.

Tell us not in selfish English,
This is not the Negro's home;
That in Afric's torrid climate
He his "native" land should roam.

White men brought us, and have kept us,
In this land three hundred years;
Here they tell us how the people
Live as free-men with no fears.

Not the race, nor yet the color,
Makes the citizen of today;
But the man who loves his country,
And its mandates e'er obey.

We're citizens, and advancing
'Long the lines where knowledge runs;
And are cycling as the planet
Moves around ten thousand suns.

Read our stand at Santiago,
How we fought our country's rights;
Laurels crowned our ev'ry action
In the hottest of the fight.

Trust no selfish, maudlin critic;
Seek we comfort from on high;
Seek we 'mong the faithful Christians,
Hearts on whom we can rely.

Our country sires' deeds remind us,
We can act as they have done;
And when dying leave on record
Noble feats for ev'ry son.

Such an imprint, that another,
Passing through this fiery fate—
An anxious, and unaided Negro,
Seeing, will strive early, late.

Let us then be wisely learning
How to conquer in the fight;
Never tiring, never yielding,
But to always do the right.

THE SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

'Twas dark: The storm-cloud's dread advance,
Her gloomy curtain swung,
And all around the wide expanse
A dismal aspect hung;
When solemnly the distant air,
The fun'ral hymn did sound,
And the martial steps of comrades fair
Were echoed all around.

A veteran had died; he died
His nation's weal to save;
And now its grateful thanks were sighed
In music to his grave.
And piercing grief his mother's heart
Did true affection draw;
She bowed, submitting to the part
He paid to nature's law.

A child remained to watch her day,
To look to for relief;
She now upon his bosom lay,
Expressing bitter grief.
They both behind the fun'ral bier
Did bow their aching heads;
And sadly moved to onward where
Mankind is laid when dead.

As onward to the grave they rode,
Their sad and tearful way,
And hoping in their hearts to God,
To shelter find that day;
Still darker did the way appear,
As fear their minds engaged;
For quick and faster, and far and near
The storm-clouds fiercely raged.

Sirocco like the winds did blow;
In torrents fell the rain;
The forest pines both tall and low
Bowed down and rose again.
The lightning flashed, and now its rays
The place did flush with light;
And thunder pealed, and then the day
Again appeared like night.

Once more the forked lightning flashed;
The angry winds did blow;
Now hail and rain together dashed
Against the land below;
The raging storm within its reach
Made waste and bare the land;
The sea did wreck near to the beach,
The sails that could not stand.

For shelter did the beast of prey,
With angry cry and howl,
Descend the hills and mountains grey,
Like some swift winged fowl;
Upon their backs the hail did beat;
The oaks beside them fell;
The falling pine and sultry heat
Increased their horrid yell.

When silently the riven clouds,
From each began to stray,
The sky put off its duller shrouds,
And wore a lighter gray
And still the dark and misty sight,
Yet bright and brighter grew;
Till all at once a clearer light
Disclosed itself to view.

And then the last, sad, solemn rite,
 Of Christian burial came;
 Within the vault from human sight,
 They laid the hero's frame.
 He'd served his country, and his God
 In paths of faith he moved;
 He'd fought for right and on the sod
 He died for what he loved.

MONODY OF BISHOP H. M. TURNER.

During his lifetime BISHOP TURNER expressed his wish not to die in any country where the rights of the Negro were not respected. The BISHOP died in Canada, and upon his theme the poem was written.

I live within the great domain
 Of Western lore and civic pride,
 Where men have fought in freedom's cause,
 And for that cause have bled and died;
 And here in useful work I give
 My service for the common weal,
 And try, by word and deed, to smooth
 The rugged path, and wounds to heal.

Yet, I have seen those men so brave,
 Who'd succored foe, with friendship true,
 Reviled and scorned, despised and lynched,
 Oppressed and wronged in all they do,
 By those possessed of power and might,
 Whose will is law, and law a ruse,
 Because their victim's skin is black,
 And fiendish deeds please and amuse.

I have no wish to compromise
 The spirit divine allotted me,
 Nor yield the sum of manhood rights
 And lose it's valued dignity.
 The coursing river in my soul
 Will flow defending what is just,
 But will abhor and execrate
 Who live on hate and sordid lust.

When in the throes of death I lie,
 And those about me hold my hand,
 With heads bowed low, 'mid whispers soft,
 Which none but God can understand;
 When heaving breast and shortened breath,
 Show signs that life is near it's end,
 Let all that's mortal of myself
 Sleep peaceful near some stranger friend

Where rights of men of ev'ry race,
 Ev'ry color and ev'ry creed,
 Can worship God beneath a flag
 That recognizes ev'ry deed
 Of valor shown and vict'ry won;
 Than die beneath a flag unfurled,
 Whose doctrine, based on color, brings
 Reproach on it throughout the world.

WHAT OUR SOLONS DO.

The preachment of our Solons sounds with pride
 The country's wealth and great prosperity,
 Beyond the wealth of avarice, and men
 With dinner pails now filled to o'erflowing;
 And yet, the times are pregnant with discord
 From those who cry aloud against the cost
 The simplest thing their trifling wages buy.

Appeals for aid brings but deferred hopes
 And investigations that seek to know
 The reasons for the prices paid for food,
 While still the man in need with little means
 Live on the next month's wage before 'tis made.

Men higher up who have but little thought
 Of those who travail with heart bruised and sore,
 Live conscience—dead. Provide they living
 means
 Themselves to pass in comfort and in ease

O'er num'rous ills, the poor and needy feel.
 No earnest plea their stubborn souls can touch,
 Nor bend their wills inflexible and strong.
 They hear no cry the poor, sad, bleeding hearts
 Uplifted make for aid in times of stress.

Their narrow lives bound up in self and gain,
 Close up the paths and block the ways that lead
 To help from ills that cruel hands inflict.
 O Father! Right the wrongs the people feel
 And send them aid, and comfort their sad lot.
 Touch the hearts of men choked with sordiness,
 Ungodly pride and filled with selfishness,
 And give us that we need: Our daily bread.

LINCOLN, AN ADDRESS.

From Nature forth there shone a light
 Whose radiance blazed the western sky;
 He lit the path of justice, right,
 To freedom and the bondman's cry.

The Nation's past had stirred his mind
 For human love and sacred fire,
 And as a son, both true and kind,
 He studied late with large desire.

But deeper things than kindred ties,
 Were manhood rights that in him wrought;
 His country's sin and vanities
 Engaged his soul and earnest thought.

The God of Hosts, whose servant he,
 The slaver's lash God made him hear,
 As God's elect—and destiny—
 He stood 'gainst wrong without a fear.

He battled in the cause of right,
 And fought with wisdom, strength and love;
 And took to arm him for the fight,
 The panoply of God above.

Not sordid gain or lust of power,
 Could tempt him to forsake the right;
Not base assaults in darkest hour,
 Could chill his ardour in the fight.

The rights of men despised with scorn,
 He held as sacred as his own;
And gloried that he had been born
 For service to the "weaker" known.

From hatred and malignancy, *lig.*
 His heart of hearts was ever free;
If wrong he did through jealousy,
 It was to live in unity.

Unfathomed thoughts did in him live
 That failed his tongue in words to tell;
And few the thoughts did language give
 The work he'd planned and done so well.

Yet, spoke he oft, as well he could,
 For justice as it filled his soul;
And those who heard him knew he would
 Allow no hindrance to control.

Enlisted in the noble cause
 Of human rights, he did proclaim
That in this country basic laws
 Should be for one and all the same.

But, while he labored with his might,
 A felon rose against the law,
And hoped to end the noble fight
 For human rights, and stop the war.

He struck a blow with jealous hate
 That filled the world with pain and grief;
And laid to rest among the great
 A man whose life was sad and brief.

To such a man whose noble deeds,
 No granite will endurance stand,
 We honor pay; and may the seeds
 He sowed, spring giants in our land.

And may these sons like forest oaks
 Sink deep their roots in Virgin soil,
 And hold the hearts of Christian folks
 Who in the cause of freedom toil.

In course of years "Abe" Lincoln stood
 The grand Colussus of the free;
 His mighty pen wrought lasting good
 For hope and human liberty.

The fetters that chained down the soul
 And crushed the heart with anguish torn—
 No longer now the limbs control—
 He loosed. For us new days are born.

Let wisdom guide if knowledge fail
 To lead the mind from slavery free;
 And may it scorn who would assail
 Its larger worth and dignity.

And mind and body both now free,
 With God to arm and strength to fight,
 May he contend eternally
 For all that's just and true and right.

THE SOLDIERS ON EMBARKING.

Wives and mothers, all loving ties,
 Whose tender cords vibrate at touch
 Of joy or pain: Our country calls,
 And your answer, to her, means much.

We must arouse; the fiend's torch
 Wastes our substance on land and sea;
 We must preserve, from Kultur's hate,
 Our cherished hopes, and home and thee.

The despot's home shall feel the sting
 His wrath inflicts on other lands;
 And thither we, to right the wrong,
 Must go, and stay his savage hands.

And, O, Father, guard, protect us,
 As we ride the treacherous deep,
 Where, in hiding, to destroy us,
 U-Boats prowl and eye, while we sleep.

Our fathers' God, in our perils,
 As the Pilot, steer Thou our course;
 Stand at the helm and direct us
 To a landing, with Thee, our Force.

Be Thou Success, in fiercest strife,
 As we our Nation's cause defend;
 Make it, in our death-grip struggle,
 "Safe for Democracy" to the end.

And when the fierce, mad passion's o'er,
 And the conflict of the world shall cease,
 Bring us back, in Bark and U-Boats,
 To our home, with love and with Peace.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Amazed, the Kaiser views our flag
 Now in the field unfurled,
 And conjures by the Hague's decree,
 Its doctrine to the world.

He sees great nations seek to gain
 A refuge in its folds:
 And knows that Cuba, free today,
 By it its freedom holds.

No foreign despot dares insult
 The flag that Jasper raised—
 The flag of youth and beauty, which
 In song and deed is praised.

The blood of every loyal son
 Would flow at very slight;
 And crimson-stained, the symbol cheer
 The weakest with delight.

In all the wars from Molley's day,
 When Moultrie's wall was scaled,
 The flag then lifted from the dust,
 Has always since prevailed.

This symbol of our country's pride
 Has the exalted seat,
 It floats alone among the flags
 And—never has been beat.

WORLD PEACE.

Most Mighty God, our Ancient Lord—
 King of Isr'el's Royal Line—
 We bow before Thy gracious word,
 And own dominion e'er is Thine;
 Almighty God, teach us to fear,
 Lest we forget Thy word to hear.

Let bick'rings cease, remove each scar—
 Let Priest and Pope their strength increase—
 To end the strife of horrid war,
 That all mankind may live in peace;
 Almighty God make kings forbear,
 Lest they forget Thy word to hear.

Let universal peace abound—
 On land and sea let warlike deeds,
 Thy ruling power with love confound
 The last of Ancient barb'rous creeds;
 Almighty God, do Thou make clear,
 Lest we forget the word to hear.

If pride or power inflame the heart—
 If filled with greed or lust of gain—
 Not love, but hate, their thoughts impart,
 Their selfish passions Lord restrain;
 Almighty God, vouchsafe to give,
 Lest they forget, new thoughts and live.

Let swords and cannons melt away—
 Make their hearts a deeper love— *feel*
 And tongues proclaim a happier day
 For men on earth as souls above;
 Almighty God, the nations sigh
 For strength and wisdom from on high.

Give us Thy love and peace—proclaim—
 As Bethlehem's angels did of old—
 "Peace and Goodwill"—so men exclaim—
 To modern kings the same as told;
 Lord God of Hosts, our Mighty King,
 Make World-wide Peace our hymn to sing.

MONODY OF A SUICIDE.

I dare not look into the dark,
 And tread the dismal path alone;
 My blood grows chill and courage fails,
 At times, the effort of my will,
 But the eternal shades of night
 Will hide the glamour of this life,
 And feast the soul on kindness pure
 That this cold world denies to me.
 And yet, the silent grave I dread,
 And fear the awful leap to take,
 Perchance in the unknown to wake
 To greater pain and lasting woe.

Man's heartlessness to brother man,
 Like canker gnaws the inner soul
 That broods on ills. The bitter pangs,
 The tender heart no love can cure.

The way the great majority,
 That buried lie in silent graves,
 I take from pomp and passions all,
 For freer life and larger sense.

Oh God! forgive, and let my heart,
 With joy ineffable in death
 Kindly beat in its ebbing throes,
 For those in life I dearly love.
 On wings etereal, the flight,
 The eternal shade, dark and drear,
 Where silence is supreme for aye,
 I take, and bid good-bye—good night!

THE LIKENESS.

Along the plains of Judea, a star,
 In brightness shone;
 It guided wisdom, from afar,
 To Christ alone.

Christ, the weak and poor preferring,
 The Balm had come
 To mitigate the suffering,
 Of sin-sick home.

To lift the weight that kept them down,
 And give them life,
 Christ did divest him of a crown,
 For mortal strife.

The weary, heavy-laden, bowed,
 With guilt and sin,
 The manager's Gift to them, endowed
 Brought joy within.

The world in madness him did treat
 With jeers and scorn;
 And in his side and hands and feet
 Left scar and thorn.

In western lands, in later days,
 A star arose;
 Its lustrous beams and gilded rays,
 Did crime expose.

It came of age a lank, tall man
 Self-made and strong;
 His face was sorrow-marked and wan,
 With others' wrong.

The bondsman cry had wound his ear,
 And pierced his soul;
 And brought his power of speech to bear
 'Gainst man's control

Of man. The chains that held them fast
 And bruised their limb,
 He made his ills, and took, at last,
 Them all to him.

In human traffic, greed and pelf,
 He had no part;
 He fought for human rights himself
 With all his heart.

So, 'neath lifted Cross—flag unlurled,
 Men rose to place—
 Christ died a ransom for the world,
 "Abe" for a race.

THE PANAMA CANAL HYMN.

Linked are the seas which bathe the shores,
 That East and West were kept apart;
 Now, in a narrow channel, meet
 To aid religious lore, and mart.

The Lion and the Lamb—these seas—
 Flow calmly on a common bed;
 No dashing billows surge or roll,
 Or oceans' storms fill them with dread.

The sons of Afric's torrid clime,
 With sinews like a hydric ram,—
 They hewed the mountains' rugged steep,
 And leveled it with Gatun Dam.

The path prepared, the water flows,
 And great fleets on its bosom sail;
 They bear the fruitage commerce sends,
 While mankind proud, in triumph, hail.

O God, our Father, on our knees
 We bend in adoration true:
 Without Thine aid, in weakness, we—
 We nothing can, in goodness, do.

Linked are the seas which bathe the shores,
 That East and West were kept apart,
 To visit now, through surf and foam,
 The Captains speed with log and chart.

OUR DOG TRILBY—A DIRGE.

How shall the heart in words express
 The sadness of the hour,
 The fullness of its tenderness
 That wells up in its power?

Trilby is dead! dead, and for aye!
 Her smaller life is done;
 No more her little form will play;
 Nor daily courses run.

She was our truest friend and best,
 And loved us strong and well;
 Her passing to her final rest
 Is left for us to tell.

We loved her for the love she gave,
 Unstinted pure and true;
 And strove her little life to save
 By deeds that love would do.

More true than human love was hers,
 Unselfish deep and kind;
 Hers was the love that one prefers
 To much we often find.

She could not speak; but want of speech
 Her looks in language spoke;
 She tried by manner oft to reach
 The words that in her woke.

She is no more, and with her dust,
 Our mingled tears are shed;
 With love so true—yet part we must—
 Our Trilby, loved, is dead!

PRINCE LULU NAPOLEON'S PRAYER.

On his way to Zululand, the young Prince is said to have written a prayer which was found among his papers after his death in that country. On reading an account of it I was moved to write the following:

O God of my fathers' and mine,
 To Thee my heart I give;
 And while existence crowns my life
 Let faith within me live.

Strong is prayer where faith is found,
 And strong is he who prays;
 Prayer is the yearning of my soul,
 O teach it all Thy ways.

My path is strewn with trials sore,
 And filled with cares my way;
 But them myself to conquer most,
 I ardently do pray.

I pray not that mine enemies
 Should be disarmed by Thee,
 But for aid, that I may conquer
 What of myself I be.

Hear, O God, my prayer; and still
Incline Thine ears to hear;
Preserve to my affection, Lord,
Those who to me are dear.

To them let life be long and sweet,
And grant them happy days;
Let joy bespeak their inmost soul,
By outward signs of praise.

If but a certain sum of Joy,
Thy goodness to us sends,
To the most worthy give my share,
And may they be my friends.

And if for man's rebellious sin,
Thy vengeance rage with hate,
Let pass Thy fury, Lord on them,
But strike me with their fate!

When ills bow down the heavy soul,
Misfortune glads the heart;
So cherished thoughts of those we love,
Are held by us in part.

But poisoned is the happy state,
Where bitter thoughts are found—
While I rejoice those whom I love,
In suffering abound.

No more, O God, the social bonds,
My happy moments chain;
Take from my heart such happiness
And with Thy power sustain.

It is the past that fills my soul,
The long and dreary past;
And only by forgetting it,
That I have joy at last.

But if no mem'ry I retain
 Of those long past and dead,
 So will in turn my memoir be
 Forgotten as soon as read.

Then, let there live within my heart,
 All things great and grand;
 And may my actions merit, Lord,
 Due praise from land to land.

THE MONODY OF A POSTAGE STAMP.

Wherever placed I stick
 Whate'er my color form;
 I travel far and travel near—
 I go through shine and storm.

My use in life is short;
 I serve my country well;
 My value when I'm fresh and bright,
 The nation's coffers tell.

How devious the paths
 Life's stations here may be,
 For one and all, my duty is,
 To them as prompt as free.

The ardent lover writes
 His songs replete with praise;
 He urges me, in duty bound,
 To take his love the lays.

And some for weal or woe,
 Their letters too I take;
 And while my duty I discharge,
 It joy or sadness make.

O'er mountains' peaks I climb,
 But no complaint I make;
 My place in life when duty calls—
 I'm always there and take.

What man is he that lives,
 Like me his task performs,
 And goes through rain and goes through
 shine,
 Nor frets nor minds the storm?

PSALM I.

The man whose walk does please his God,
 Ungodly counsel shun,
 Who hates the seat of scornful men,
 Is blessed beneath the sun.

He pleasure finds in what he does;
 He reads with much delight;
 The laws of God fills all his soul
 From morn throughout the night.

And as a tree which planted stands,
 Where liquid streams do flow,
 His boughs will flourish and his fruit
 Will to perfection grow.

His leaves will show that spring is come,
 And thus foreve live;
 He will, to what his hand shall touch,
 New life and vigor give.

Not so with men whose deeds do vex
 The Lord who's good and kind;
 About the earth shall they be blown
 As chaff before the wind.

They shall not see their Judge's face,
 Nor stand before His throne;
 Unlike the just no peace shall there
 Among themselves be known.

For the Lord doth know the godly,
Their ways in goodness tell;
But godless men and their attempts
Shall all be lost in hell.

CHRIST IS THE WAY.

We seek the path of peace and holy life—
The narrow road the Saviour trod,
Whose footprints mark the way;
We long to flee the path of sin and strife,
And walk in newness with our God,
Nor from His path to stray.

Give us to hold Thy hand, be Thou our guide,
For Thou dost know the surer road,
That leads to greater bliss;
We walk the rugged way with none beside,
'Mid darkness, with our heavy load,
And thus have gone amiss.

Thou art the way; no safer path can lead
The weary sinner to his God,
Than by His loving grace;
Drawn by the strength of love, we humbly plead,
No chast'ning or correcting rod,
Will make us lose our place.

Thou art the Way, the Truth and Light-Divine,
The weary, laden sinner's Friend,
And Hope of heavenly bliss;
Thou guid'st the weak—our falt'ring steps
and —mine,
Thou giv'st, who journey to the end,
A happier home than this.

THEY THINK OF ME.

Did I not know that I may love
My friends, who love me just as well,
Their long delay should make me cold,
When me they fail to write and tell.

But truly is my heart content
While in my debt they conscious lay ;
They twice as often think of me,
And just as oft resolve to pay.

And further too am I consoled,
While in my debt they stand arrear ;
They think as often of me then
As would they if the debt were clear.

I pleasure find as I reflect,
When thus afflicted by my friends
On other days ; and still believe
In what their honest friendship sends.

God has my thanks for friends who love
And hold me in their memory kind ;
For health of body, peace and cheer,
And for a pure and balanced mind.

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